

# THE TROY HERALD.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

### Personal and Literary.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recently made her first appearance in a New York pulpit at Unity Chapel, Harlem.

—Mr. Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, has a studio in Boston, where he is now engaged in painting Maine landscapes, from sketches made last summer.

—Senator Sumner has addressed a letter to his lecture agent canceling his engagements. The advice of his friends is given as his reason, and he adds: "I had this representation proceeded from a few only, or had my friends been divided or less strenuous, I should not, perhaps, have felt constrained, as I do now, by their unanimous judgment in letter and conversation, leaving me no alternative."

—It is becoming the rule for most editors of large papers to employ the aid of a stenographer to do the vast amount of writing incident to such a position. Such is the practice of Whitelaw Reid, Charles A. Dana, Manton Marble, D. G. Croly, Samuel Bowles, John W. Forney and some others. Yet Murat Halstead, Horace White and Henry Watterson still do the bulk of their writing each with his own hand.

—A New York correspondent of the *Troy Times* thus recalls Motley's first literary effort and failure: "I well remember the time when Motley came to this city a poor and ambitious author, with a catchpenny novel under his arm, looking for a publisher. The Harpers got the book out, and the writer of this had the pleasure of selling it behind the counter of a Broadway bookstore. It was called 'Morton's Hope,' and like many other hopes, proved a severe disappointment. Such was Motley's beginning in 1839."

—M. D. Conway, in a recent letter from London, says: "Last year and this, several female artists, whose works had been so rejected, sent their contributions under feigned masculine names, and, in nearly every case, the pictures so sent were accepted, applauded, and well hung for the admiration of the public! A lady at Richmond borrowed the name of a gentleman of her acquaintance, and the pictures supposed to be by him were sold at a very large price; and it was only because of a largely increased demand on the said gentleman for income tax that the ruse had to be confessed, and the fact made known that a male name in English art is equal to several hundred pounds."

—The following item of information, from the Washington correspondence of the *Boston Post*, is published: "There is most excellent authority for announcing the engagement of Lieut. Fred. Grant and Miss Kitty Cooke, daughter of H. D. Cooke, now in a state of suspense. The authority is originally that of a young lady in Chicago, to whom Lieut. Grant confided the secret, and it has traveled to your correspondent through two or three sources. The confidante kept the secret until she found that several others had likewise been told the same in confidence, so she now, it seems, considers herself released from her promise."

—Gen. Grant will be 53 April 27, 1874; John C. Breckinridge was 53, Jan. 16, 1873; N. P. Banks, 57, Jan. 30, 1873; Henry Wilson, 61, Feb. 16, 1873; John C. Fremont, 60, Jan. 21, 1873; Simon Cameron, 74; Horatio Seymour, 62; Alex. H. Stephens, 61, Feb. 11, 1873; Caleb Cushing, 73, Jan. 17, 1873; Charles Sumner, 62, Jan. 6, 1873; James G. Blaine, 43; Oliver P. Morton, 50, Aug. 4, 1873; Roseco Conkling, 49, Oct. 30, 1873; Wm. D. Kelley, 50, April 12, 1873; Samuel J. Randall, 45, Oct. 1, 1873; Leonard Meyers, 46, Nov. 13, 1873; Chas. O'Neill, 52, March 21, 1873; George W. Williams, Attorney-General United States, 50, March 23, 1873; Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, 65; J. A. J. Creswell, Postmaster-General, 45, Nov. 18, 1873; Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior, 65; Reverdy Johnson, 77, May 26, 1873.

### Science and Industry.

—The tobacco business of Tennessee has increased 200 per cent. within two years.

—There is in Virginia City an old colored man who has made about \$50,000 in the boot-blacking business.

—The watch factory at Elgin expects to give employment to five hundred more hands next spring, and there are already eight hundred applications received.

—A large mill is erecting at Vanceboro, Me., for the manufacture of lemon boxes. The material is supplied from the hard-wood forests on St. Croix Lake, from which a practically unlimited quantity can be obtained. The boxes are shipped to the Mediterranean, filled with lemons and returned to us, or shipped to other parts of the world.

—Some idea can be formed concerning the immense ore bodies in the Belcher and Crown Point mines, from the fact that during the year 1872, ore to the amount of \$6,413,641 was extracted from the Crown Point mine, and \$4,794,659 from the Belcher. During eight months of the present year, the Belcher ore product amounted to \$7,260,328. During half that time ore to the amount of \$2,750,234 was taken out of the Crown Point mine.

—The San Francisco *Chronicle* says there will, it is estimated, be produced this year in California over 12,000,000 gallons of wine, of the value of \$3,500,000; two millions of pounds of grapes for table use, with 250,000 pounds of raisins. The acreage under cultivation of the vine is estimated at less than 40,000 acres, and it is further estimated that 8,000,000 of acres are especially adapted to the cultivation of the vine; so that could we estimate the value of this crop as it might be developed, and as in some not distant future it probably will be, the value of the wine production would reach a fabulous figure.

—A company has been formed in Quebec, for the purpose of working a region of some thirteen thousand acres of land in Drummond county, Canada, and which is estimated to contain five hundred tons crude, or between three and four hundred tons washed iron ore, per acre—this occurring as a bed averaging about two feet in thickness, and only from one to three feet below the surface. The ore is what is called "bog" ore, containing about fifty-

four per cent. of iron; and it is proposed to erect furnaces capable of producing fifteen thousand tons per annum. The entire cost of manufacture, including the digging up, washing, carriage, preparation of the charcoal, and smelting of the ore, is estimated at fifteen dollars per ton. The iron produced is described as being equal, if not superior, to the best Swedish.

### School and Church.

—The Constitutional Commission of Michigan has adopted the article making women eligible to school offices.

—Of the thirty-six young men who graduated at Hamilton College last summer, twelve have engaged as teachers and editors, with salaries ranging from \$900 to \$1,800.

—Miss Abby Woodleigh, daughter of the Rev. T. A. Woodleigh, of East Bennington, has been elected to the Professorship of Chemistry in the Pennsylvania Female College, Pittsburg. Salary \$1,300.

—Dr. Lyman Beecher's pastorate in East Hampton, Long Island, was of ten years' continuance. His salary was \$300 and his fire-wood, which, after five years, was raised to \$400. That was over seventy years ago.

—The Free Religionists, among whom are James Parton, the biographer, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Col. T. W. Higginson and others of the same school, followed up the Evangelical Alliance with a three days' convention at the Cooper Union, New York.

—New Hampshire has a compulsory school law, requiring every person having in custody a child, between eight and fourteen years of age, to send it to school at least twelve weeks in the year, of which six shall be consecutive. The law provides that the child may be instructed in a private school or at home.

—Among the memorable incidents of the recent meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was the presence of a number of Dakota Indians, who addressed the assembly with happy effect. Professor J. H. Seelye, of Amherst College, gave an account of his recent visit to the Christian Missions in India. The attendance was very large.

—The oldest instructor in young-lady-ling in Rhode Island is Miss Hannah Inman, who taught school in Providence seventy-five years ago. She is nearly ninety-four, and has taught in many places in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The salary varied with the schools, Rhode Isl. and commenced by giving her twenty cents a week, but Massachusetts, clearly deservent her ability, advanced the figures to a quarter of a dollar, and so reaped the benefit of her maturer years.

—Mr. David Preston, of Detroit, has seen the results that are sure to follow persistence in a good cause. He has succeeded in raising \$60,000 for Albion College, to secure an additional gift, contingently promised, of \$50,000. One of the Michigan papers says that he set the example by heading the list with a large donation, and then had all the members of his family give. He talked, gave, and prayed. Scarcely a family in the State but heard his appeal. He had till September 15 to raise the amount. September 9 there was still \$6,000 to be raised. He did not despair, but worked, and on the 14th he raised the last dollar.

—At the annual Convention of the Episcopal Church of the diocese of New York, held September 24, Bishop Potter's salary was fixed at \$9,000 per annum, and that amount ordered to be paid for the year ending September 1. The salary of the bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church having charge of New York and parts adjacent is \$5,000 per annum and a residence. The salary of Archbishop McCloskey, of the Roman Catholic Church, is \$1,500 per annum. He also has, rent free, the archiepiscopal residence in Madison avenue, and likewise a carriage, horses, coachman, etc., the maintenance of which is paid from the revenues of the cathedral. If more is required for household purposes it is given to him; but he is a man of simple habits and tastes, and sets a good example to his clergy. The pay of Catholic priests is \$800 per annum to pastors of churches, and \$600 to assistants. A residence is also furnished to them, and certain perquisites for household expenses.

### Haps and Mishaps.

—Henry Heizer, aged thirty-eight, of Bolton, Mo., was recently killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol which Chas. Hultz was handling.

—In Washington, Ga., a few days ago, Miss Susan Gofucke was burned to death, her dress taking fire from a stove near which she was preparing some cough sirup for an invalid.

—A young man named Hawley, while working at a threshing-machine in Johnson county, Iowa, fell off a grain stack, and ran a fork-tine into his heart, killing him in a few moments.

—At Viroqua, Wis., a few days ago, while a building was being moved, the chain used to draw it suddenly snapped, and a broken link entered the house and struck Henry Bausman in the head, breaking the skull.

—Adelbert Dawes, a Maine boy eleven years old, who killed a little girl by pointing at her a gun he "thought was not loaded," and snapping the lock, has been adjudged guilty of manslaughter and sent to the State Reform School.

—An employee of a Detroit banking house was shut in a vault one day recently, and remained there several hours. He shouted and made all the noise he could, but the clerks did not hear him. Finally, being missed and search being made, he was found nearly suffocated from foul air.

—A young son of J. W. Alexander, of Marshall, Cowley county, Kansas, aged about six years, was bitten by a rattlesnake a short time ago, from the effects of which he died the evening of the same day.

—At Republic, Mich., Albert Andrew exploded a quantity of giant powder while carelessly handling it. He was terribly mutilated and died shortly afterward. The shop in which the explosion occurred was completely demolished. Two other men who were inside escaped with slight injuries.

—O. S. Long, editor of the *Wheeling (W. Va.) Register*, was recently attacked by Jas. M. Sweeney, candidate for the House of Delegates, and badly punished. The cause of the attack was an editorial in the *Register* severely reflecting on Sweeney's character.

—The Chamols (Mo.) *Leader* says that the wife of Mr. Peter Ivan, a respectable German citizen, residing on Pointer's Creek, died recently from the following singular cause: In picking her teeth the instrument used penetrated the nerve of the tooth, causing lockjaw, which baffled the skill of three physicians, and produced death.

—A colored man named Henry Willis, at Thompson's Landing, Miss., accidentally shot himself a few days since. He had been gnawing cotton in the gin-house, and had his gun under a pile of cotton, and when he went to get it, drew it out by the barrel, accidentally discharging the contents in his abdomen, causing death in about three hours.

—A kerosene lamp recently exploded in the Ryan domicile at South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Ryan extinguished the flames about her person by rolling upon the ground. The children in the house escaped, excepting the babe, which was forgotten, and was burned with the dwelling. Mrs. Ryan will probably recover.

—A nine-year old St. Louis girl, named Maggie Leonard, was recently playing with a loaded revolver, when it exploded. The ball entered the abdomen of the child, passed completely through her body, and came out at her back. The physicians were of the opinion that the wound would prove fatal.

—Col. S. C. Brown, of Water Valley, Miss., was severely kicked by his horse, in that place, a few days ago. He was knocked insensible, and would have been trampled to death by the animal but for the heroic exertions of his daughter, Mrs. Morgan, who heard a noise at the stable, and went to the rescue of her father, and succeeded in pulling him away.

—Mr. John Wilson, a prominent citizen of Marshall, Miss., a short time since was out hunting, and had discharged one barrel of his gun and was reloading, when his dog reared up against him, discharging the remaining barrel, the full load striking him in the temple, ranging upward and tearing away three inches of the skull. He died soon after.

—Hugo Kronenbarger, alias Peter Schmidt, shot and slightly wounded a widow named Barbara Buchner at Columbus, O., a few days ago, and then, pinning his revolver to his mouth, shot and killed himself. Schmidt had been annoying Mrs. Buchner for about two years with a proposition of marriage in a manner that denoted insanity, and when the widow refused him admission to her house, he first thrust through the window.

—At Lancaster, Mo., one day recently, a little daughter of Mr. W. H. Steel was standing by the school-house stove warming herself, when the fire which escaped through a broken door communicated to her clothing, setting it on fire. Becoming frightened, she ran out into the yard, where the breeze fanned the fire into a flame, burning her clothes nearly off from her body, and producing injuries so severe that the poor little thing died the same day.

—Mrs. Hill, who shot her husband in Worcester, Mass., did it in a unique way, with all the accomplishments of a fashionable life. She was walking beside him and asked him to take her parasol for her. He took it, and she then, after putting her hand in her pocket to get the pistol asked him to let her kiss him. He consented. She put her arm about him and put a bullet in his left lung. His recovery is doubtful. Her equality is picturesquely perfect.

—Near Oakland, on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, a few days ago, a non-explosive oil vendor, name not ascertained, was burned to death by the explosion of a can of the fluid. The man was sitting in a passenger coach, and had with him several cans of oil, when the conductor entered the car with a lighted lamp, which it is supposed ignited the gas from a leaking can. It was with great difficulty the man was extracted from the flames and the car saved from destruction. He died soon after being taken from the car.

—A woman named Wagner and her two children were burned to death recently, at a place called Cottage, nine miles from Iowa Falls. The woman's husband started to go to a political meeting, but had not gone far before he heard a cry. He turned back and found his wife and the children lying outside the house burned to a crisp. The woman, when he reached her, had nothing on but her shoes. The cause is supposed to have been the bursting of a kerosene lamp.

### Foreign Notes.

—Over eighty Americans are reported to be studying for the lyric stage in Milan.

—Females are now largely employed as clerks in drug stores throughout England, and are said to prove very competent in the compounding of medicines.

—The Count de Paris, the future King of France, if the monarchists win, was on Gen. McClellan's staff during the war, and was a great favorite with the ladies.

—The Italian Government has conferred the grand cross of the order of Italy on the Italian Consul-General of New York, in consideration of his efforts to suppress the traffic in Italian children.

—Of the thirty thousand Americans permanently residing in Paris nearly twenty thousand are from Louisiana, five thousand from Virginia, three thousand from other Southern States, and only two thousand from the North and West.

—It is not generally known that John Milton's tomb is still intact in London, and that in the parish of St. Giles', Cripplegate, the remains of the great poet, interred in 1674, lie with those of his father, buried in 1646. The church itself is of grand proportions, and the oldest but one in London, having been built in 1090.

—A potentate of South America is about to visit England. This personage is the King of Araucania. His dominion contains a population of about 2,000,000, and he is nominally subject to Chili. The King, who was originally a French barrister, M. De Tournens by name, visited Araucania some fifteen years ago, and soon after succeeded in having himself chosen King, assuming the imposing title of Orellana Antoline the First. He is described as amiable in disposition and modest in his habits. He goes to England to solicit manufacturers to send thither for sale.

—In Baron Stockmar's memoirs, by his son, a description is given of the curious red-tape of royal housekeeping by Queen Victoria. It is something wonderful. It is a pane of glass or the door of a cupboard

requires mending, it cannot be done without the following process: A requisition is prepared and signed by the Chief Cook, it is then countersigned by the Clerk of the Kitchen, then it is taken to be signed by the Master of the Household, thence it is taken to the Lord Chamberlain's office, where it is authorized, and then laid before the Clerk of the Works under the Office of Woods and Forests, and consequently many a window and cupboard have remained broken for months.

—"What's in a name?" A good deal at times. The daughter of Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain, for instance, has plenty in hers, which, according to a contemporary, is, in French, *Blanche-de-Castille-Marie-de-la-Conception-Therese-Francoise-d'Assise-Marguerite-Jeanne-Beatrice-Charlotte-Louise-Fernande-Adelgonde-Elvire-Idelfonse-Regne-Joseph-Michelle-Gabrielle-Raphaelle*. These constitute the young lady's Christian name only, and when her titles are added there is probably a dozen lines or so more. It is to be hoped that the don is not going to have a large family, for two or three children christened in this fashion would exhaust the vocabulary.

—China, according to Mr. Murray's recent lecture before the quidnuncs of Boston, is twice the size of the United States, and includes within its borders 600,000,000 inhabitants—half the population of the globe. As a nation it has outlived history. Other nations have passed away. It still exists the same. No art has been lost, no science forgotten. Its oral language has been preserved without the change of a tense; its great wall still stands; its largest canal is larger than the Erie. It understood the circulation of the blood 2,300 years ago; inoculated all its children in the ninth—possibly the fifth—century, had splendid libraries of printed books before the art of printing was discovered in Germany. And this is the country we hold in contempt and propose to teach.

—Dr. Nelaton, the eminent French surgeon, lately deceased, came prominently before the public in connection with his attendance on Garibaldi, after the latter had been wounded in the foot by a rifle bullet at the battle of Aspromonte. In the consultation held on the case, at which the most eminent surgeons of England and France attended, Dr. Nelaton stood almost alone in the opinion that the bullet was still embedded in the foot; the other surgeons maintaining that it had passed out, as their most careful probings had failed to discover its whereabouts. To ascertain its location, Dr. Nelaton constructed a delicate probe, consisting of a small rod, working by a screw in an outer tube. To the end of the rod a piece of soft porcelain was attached, on which a leaden substance like a bullet would make a black mark. With this instrument, Dr. Nelaton discovered the place where the ball had lodged in his patient's foot, and then extracted it. The probe is now used exclusively in cases of gun-shot wounds, and is known as the Nelaton probe.

### Odds and Ends.

—You had better throw a stone at random than an idle word.

—Some look at the black clouds, others at the blue sky. Some look through the clouds.

—"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

—"Salts of demoniac" was recently called for a country store in Western Massachusetts. The apothecary filled the bill with a pint of New England rum.

—Little Alice was crying bitterly, and, on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her play-fellows. "You should have returned it," said the mother. "Oh! I returned it before," replied the little girl, proudly.

—Of all the blessings enjoyed by human beings, there is nothing better or more desirable than a cheerful, happy home. It is, therefore, the first duty of every one to endeavor to promote the most amicable relations in the home circle.

—"What is your name?" asked the clerk of a witness about to be sworn before a Justice of the Peace. "Ortwell Wood," was the reply. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled Judge. Mr. Wood replied, "O double T I double U E double L, Double U double O D." The astonished Judge thought that was one of the most extraordinary names he ever knew; and after two or three attempts to record it, both he and the clerk gave it up and roars of laughter.

—Writing of Manitoba as it was in the olden time, before communication was opened through St. Paul, and when the mail reached the settlement just once in six months, by way of Hudson Bay, Edward Eggleston tells of one enthusiastic resident, who took the *London Times*, receiving it in half-yearly installments, which he straightway spread out in a heap, oldest paper uppermost. Every morning he took off one paper, and thus kept up the sensation of having fresh news every day. He would lay down his paper in the midst of a battle and save the rest until next morning. He was nearly a year behind the world, but that did not matter. The news was fresh to him.

—The State of New York, appreciating at their just value the brilliant services in the Revolution of that brave old German, Baron Steuben, presented him a township of land in Onondaga county in consideration thereof. He built a comfortable house near the center of the township, where he took up his residence. Settlers came in considerable numbers, and, after a while, it was proposed to erect a school house. Entering into the plan with alacrity, he procured a site for the nursery of learning near his own house. It was suggested that he might be disturbed and annoyed by the noise and pranks of the children. "Himself!" said he, "what do I care for that? I want to see the little rascals fight."

—How doth the busy Thomas cat Improve each starry hour, And test his vocal organs at The utmost of his power.

How neat he punctuates his yell, How well he rounds each claws, While other tongues harmonious swell Feline do re mi fas.

When other cats come in his reach, How neat he spreads the whacks; While myriad voices yowl and screech, In vocal cataracts.

Full on his happy song he marred By wretched man's attacks, And morning shows the whole back yard Productive of boot-jacks.

—Pearle Review.

—A proud parson and his man were

riding over a common and saw a shepherd tending his flock; having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty, arrogant tone, who gave him that coat. "The same," said the shepherd, "that clothed you—the parish." The parson, nettled at this reply, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then he bade the man go back and ask the shepherd if he would like to come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man accordingly going to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. "Why, are you going away, then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," returned the shepherd, "that his living cannot maintain three of us."

—A remarkable case of somnambulism or temporary insanity is now a current topic of gossip in Lynn, Mass. A young married man of good moral habits awoke, or rather arose from his bed in a semi-unconscious state one night recently, and without any provocation dealt two or three heavy blows to his wife, who was asleep beside him. She was considerably frightened, and uttered cries which attracted her mother to the room. The man then set upon her and knocked her over a stove, and turned to his wife's sister, who by this time had arrived, and struck her in the face, breaking her teeth. He then left the house clad only in his night clothes, and ran for help to a neighboring street, telling parties whom he roused up that murderers were in his house, trying to kill him and his family. He finally came to consciousness, and has since acted as usual, save that his mind appears a trifle dull. He says that he had some idea of what he was doing Saturday night, but was powerless to prevent his actions.

—In recording the march of improvement in St. Louis, a paper in that city calls attention to an undertaker who advertises "waterproof coffins." We have waited long and anxiously for this invention. There are doubtless many persons who have been wishing to die, but have put it off because waterproof coffins could not be procured. It must be a great comfort to a dead man to have a perfectly dry coffin; and now that the spirit of reform has made itself felt, we want to have the thing carried out to its legitimate extent. We want to see a coffin introduced with gas and furnace and bath-tub, and a billiard-room attached. We are looking for a coffin with a bowling-alley and a grand piano, with a French roof and a sewing-machine, with a smoking-room and plate-glass windows. These things must eventually come, if the aesthetic taste of deceased persons of the present day is to be satisfied. There are people who, having spent all their lives in trying to outshine their neighbors, will be miserable in the tomb unless they can make the party in the adjoining sepulchre mad with envy of their superior coffin. —*Mrs. Adler.*

### A Midnight Tussle with a Hoop-Skirt.

Says the *Danbury News*: We had a visitor Saturday afternoon. He was a square-built, heavy man. When he came in, he took a seat opposite us, and after a preliminary examination of our features, propounded the following singular, but rather important question: "Did you ever hear tell of a woman leaving a hoop-skirt on the floor in front of the bed?"

We thought over the subject for a moment, so not to seem hasty in our judgment, and, briefly intimating that we had not any knowledge of this peculiarity of the sex,

"Well, nor I either, till last night," said he.

"And so you did hear of it last night?" we asked.

"I rather think I did, I rather think I did," he repeated. Then he pulled up his pantaloons leg, disclosing a shin-bone that looked as if it had passed the night in a smoke-house fighting flies, and a bruise at the top that must have called forth the liveliest expressions of wrath when received. "Do you see that?" he asked.

As we were looking directly at it, there was a possibility that we saw it, and we answered in the affirmative.

"Well, young man," he explained, "I've got another one like that on my back, an' a lump on the top of my head, an' the gold darndest shaking up generally, you ever saw." He paused a moment to readjust his pantaloons leg, and then continued, "You see I was taken a little bad in the night with pain in my stomach. I had been over to the fair, an' must have eat something that didn't agree with me. I guess it was about three o'clock in the mornin' when I began to feel the gripin'. I thought, at first, I'd lay still, an' it might pass over; but it kept gettin' worse, an' finally I got up to look for the candle. It was darker than blazes, an' I had to hitch round kinder careful for a match. I expect I got on the wrong side of the bed in the dark, for the first thing I knowed one of my feet caught in something an' kinder pitched me ahead, then the other foot caught an' pulled me up again, an' then both legs got tangled up in the infernal hoops, for it was the old woman's hoop-skirt, an' some of the ribs got atween my toes, an' smarted like thunder, an' when I undertook to move one way it would pull me back another, an' finally I got caught on to a cheer, an' I suddenly went over to wunst, the cheer too, an' I struck my arm across the foot-board of the bed, an' liked to have wrenched my shoulder off, an' that threw me to one side, kinder, an' I come plump with the top of my head against the mantle, an' I jest made every timber in that house shake as if a thunder-bolt had struck it. It's a great wonder it hadn't killed me; as it was, it set the old woman to screamin' like a stuck pig, an' for two or three minutes it made me dreadful sick an' dissatisfied. You can bet that when I got on my feet I made short work of that hoop-skirt. It taint hardly worth mentionin' in the paper, I don't suppose, but I thought it might be a good thing to just warn the women against leaving hoop-skirts on the floor night, an' puttin' people's life in danger, you know."

Here he stopped, and leaning back in his chair with a sigh of relief for an oppressive duty performed, eyed us for a moment with considerable and rather uncalculated anxiety. Then rising, and replacing his hat, with another sigh, asked us if we had engaged our potatoes for the winter, and finding that we had, and there was no probability within the scope of earthly comprehension that we should need any pot-cheese, he sighed once more and took his leave.